Vol. V. Numb. 40.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Foreign News. The French *King turn'd* Pawn-Broker: Perkin *his Apprentice. The* Perriwig-maker's *Petition to the* French *King. Of the* Deſcent. *Of King* Charles's *being at* Madrid. *The Murder of a Taylor by* Anjou's *Party. The Queens Letter to the K. of* Denmark. *The* Rehearſal *Reprehended. The Sign call'd the* Emblem *taken down in* Suffolk.

From **Wednesday** July the 31ſt, to **Saturday** Auguſt the 3d, 1706.

Obſ. ROger, thou art welcome Home at all times, but more eſpecially when thou bring'ſt good News.

Country-m. Maſter, I think you can ſay nothing elſe but News; you'll never be contented Full or Faſting. I have got ſome News, Sir, but it is not very material. I know you are all for *Fighting-Stories*, Killing of *Frenchmen*, and ſuch Bloody Exerciſes.

Obſ. I am, *Roger*, for any Story; a *Running-Story*, a *Madding-Story*, a *Story Bewitch'd*; any thing, provided it be a Story.

Country m. There is a Mail arrived, but I proteſt there is very little in it; the moſt material Paſſage in it is, That the *French* King is turn'd *Pawn-Broker*.

Obſ. Pawn-Broker, Roger! How can that be?

Country-m. 'Tis very true; he has lent his Grandſon, the Duke *d' Anjou*, two Millions upon the Jewels of the Crown of *Spain*. And I was told at *London*, that he is going to take his *Welſh Highneſs* as an Apprentice to that Trade.

Obſ. 'Tis a very Knaviſh Trade; and he begins with *Stolen Goods*; I can't tell how he may come off about it. We have got a Power of *Conſtables* and their *Aſſiſtants*, going to ſearch his Shop. He may be Puniſh'd as a *Receiver*, and his Grandſon as a *Thief:* But 'tis pitty to put his *Welſh Highneſs* Apprentice to one that is ready to break; he had better go Partener with *Anjou* in *Robbing* of Crowns and Kingdoms.

Country-m. That Trade is quite over too, and therefore we'll do by 'em All, as God Almighty hath done, *Leave 'em to themſelves.*

Obſ. But is this all?

Country-m. No, Maſter, it ſeems the *French* King has laid a Tax upon *Perriwigs*; a *Wig* that would fill a Peck paid ſuch a Sum; one of half a Buſhel, a Buſhel, and ſo on to a Sack, paid proportionably. He ſet this Tax to *Farm*, but the *Farmers* were very *Inſolent* in Collecting the Money, and *Indecent* too, for they ſearch'd the Womens Petticoats for long *Wigs*; the poor *Tonſors* could not tell what to do under this Affliction. If they went to Petition the King themſelves, they were afraid he would ſend them for Soldiers, and ſo they ſent their Wives; and upon hearing, the Hair Ladies took ſo wonderfully with His Majeſty, that he immediately took off that Duty. It's a fine thing, Maſter, to have a Wife.

Obſ. Aye, *Roger*, ſo 'tis: But doſt know the Reaſon of this? *Lewis* XIV. of *France*, is now in the laſt Year of King *James* II. of *England*, and the Prince of *Orange* is juſt come to *Reading*, or thereabouts, but all this won't do; neither his own or other People will truſt him for the Future.

Country-m. For my part I'll truſt him no farther than I can throw him, and that ſhould be a long long way too if I had him in my Clutches: Certainly the *French* Folks are not ſuch Blockheads as to believe he will keep his Word, or that he becomes now leſs *Tyrannical* and *Oppreſſive* becauſe his Nature is chang'd.

It would be a ſtrange thing, if by theſe little Artifices (which are the Effect of *Neceſſity*, and not of *Mercy*) he ſhould keep either *Papiſts* or *Proteſtants* from joyning with thoſe that come for the Recovery of *Gallick Freedom*; the *Proteſtants* eſpecially, who have had ſo many Inſtances of the *Perfidy* of their Prince, and may call to mind that the *Maſſacre* at *Paris* was the Reward of their *beſt* Services.

I confidently hope, that as ſoon as our Forces arrive in any part of his Dominions, all the Men, the Women, Children, Dogs, Cats, every living Creature will turn and *Oppoſe*, and help to *Dethrone* ſo Inhumane a *Tyrant*.

If they don't; let 'em be *Enſlav'd*, let *Chains* and *Fetters* be their Portion; *Infamy* be their Eternal Brand; may they drink *Water* inſtead of *Wine*; eat the *Bread* of *Sorrow*, and loſe the very *Notion* of *Liberty*. But I hope better things of them, and ſo here's to their good Health.

Obſ. Haſt got any News from King *Charles* the Third, or the Earl of *Peterborough?*

Country m. Oh, Maſter, the *Jacks* at *London* make a ſad Noiſe about 'em. They are now a little Heart-whole again: For at the *Jacks* Coffee-Houſe they do Huff, and Ding, and ſay, *That King* Charles *is not yet come to* Madrid; and they begin to *Mutter* ſomething. —— Said I to 'em, Well, Gentlemen, you may be All miſtaken, I remember you were ſo about the Buſineſs of *Barcelona*; you ſaid the Town was Taken, and King *Charles* in it, when at the ſame time the Seige was raiſed, and the *French* Troops were *Bewitch'd*.

Said I, King *Charles* is now at *Madrid*, tho' we han't heard of it: I'll lay you a Wager of it; for that is the *Jacobite* Argument; but of this we are certain, that Gaffer *Anjou* is not there, your *Spaniſh Perkin* is Troop'd off; beſides, there is a great deal of Ceremony to be us'd, great Preparations muſt be made for the Reception of ſo great a Prince as King *Charles:* He does not come *Incog.* at the Back-Door, like a *Thief*, to *Steal* the Crown Jewels, and *Pawn* 'em to his Grandfather; your *Anjou* acted the part of our *Engliſh Bailiffs*, who ſeize the *Debtors* Goods in Execution, and then Defraud both *Debtor* and *Creditor* by Robbing the Houſe.

Said one of the Company, *Country-man, you are miſtaken, the Arch Duke* Charles *his Intereſt is not ſo great at* Madrid *as you are Inform'd of, for*

we

we have certain Advice, that when the Mob was up in that City, a Taylor, an Inhabitant thereof, cry'd out, Long live King *Charles* the Third; *and the Party of King* Philip *immediately Stab'd him Dead on the Spot.* Look'ye now, quo' I, that's much for the Honour of your Party, to Stab People, a fine piece of *Civallry* to Murder a poor Taylor; an Heroick Action indeed. But why don't they Fight in the Field, and not Kill poor *Prick-Louses* behind their Backs? Well, said I, if you build your hopes of Success upon the *Murder* of a Taylor, I have nothing more to say to you, and away went *Roger.*

Obs. Well, *Roger*, since News is scarce, let us talk a little about Mr. *Rehearsal*; what says he to the Point? Has he ever another *Sandwich* Story?

Country-m. He's very *Pungent* upon Mr. *Review* about his *Jure Divino:* But let them manage that Point. I can't Conquer one of the seventeen Provinces of *Speech*; for the People say of me, that I shall ever talk like a *Clown*; but 'tis no matter for that, I always talk *Truth*, and that's talking like an *Honest Man.* Now, Master, I'll knock Mr. *Rehearsal* down as Dead as the poor Taylor that was Stab'd at *Madrid.* I'll prove, by Royal Authority, that what he said, *viz. That all our Victories have been obtained by* High-Church *Officers and* High-Church *Soldiers*, is a meer Lye.

Obs. By Royal Authority, *Roger!* Let me see that?

Country-m. Here it is, Master, in a Letter from our most Gracious Queen to the King of *Denmark.* Master I'll read you some of the Words; *The* French *have felt at last, that they are no Match for the Warlike People of* England, Denmark *and* Holland. De'ye mark me, 'tis not for the *High-Church Army.* And then further, *What remains! Unless that we recommend these most Valiant Men, who did these things, to Your Majesty; not in the least doubting, but that, with your accustomed Goodness, and for inciting others to Vertue, you will favour them with your Approbation, seeing they have gain'd no less Honour to themselves and to the whole* Danish *Nation, than Advantage to* Europe.

Obs. Roger, this is very *Pungent* upon Mr. *Rehearsal*, but ——

Country-m. Hold, Master, 'tis not your time to speak; 'tis beneath you to answer that Shuffling Author, I have undertaken that Province, and will be as good as my Word.

Now, Master, this is plain, unless he will give Majesty the Lye, as they did in their *Impudent Memorial*, neither the *Danes*, the *Dutch*, or any of the Foreigners had taken the *Sacrament* with the *Church of England*, and yet he affirms, *That no Officer or Soldier that Fought the Battles of* Hogstedt *or* Ramelly, *but what had before taken the* Sacrament *according to the Order of the* Church of England; *and that all our Victories had been obtained by* Church Generals, Church Officers, *and* Church Soldiers.

My Country Conceptions last Night were, that if the *Danish*, the *Dutch*, or other Envoys, were as full of Complaints as the *Emperors*, that the *Rehearser* would, before this time, have had a Broad-side from the *Secretaries Office.*

Master, I hate *Lying* with all my Spirit, and therefore I must oppose Mr. *Rehearsal*; every *Soldier*, every *Officer*, and *General* did not receive the Sacrament according to the Order of the *Church of England*, because we have several Powers in the Confederacy that are not *Protestants*; and the *Scots*, you know, are *Whigs* and *Dissenters*, and yet they have Fought and Behaved themselves as well as any of the *Church Generals* or *Officers* of them All.

Now, Sir, I know the Reason of this Forgery, in the first Place, it is to *Scandalize our Allies*, that they are *Knaves* and *Cowards*, and put the Burden of the War upon our *Church Generals.* Then to make the People believe that we have no *Whigs* and *Dissenters* in the Army; and upon this he Bullies the *Dissenters*, how this *Church Army* will *use them* when the War is over.

We know this is a downright Falsehood; but the Case lies here, *Lesley* will have every Soldier to be of the *Church of England*, I believe the *Dissenters* will not contend to have them of their *Communion*, and so there's an End of that Quarrel. But the *Rehearser* has declared the *Churches Danger*, and that I leave to Mr. *Secretary* —— and further this Deponent saith not.

Obs. I perceive nothing of the *Churches Danger*, but that 'tis tumbling down on a Sign in *Suffolk.*

Country-m. I am Inform'd that Sign, by Order of the Judges, is pull'd down, and so the *Church* is set to Rights again. With a good Health to the *Moderate Low-Churchmen*, we'll go to Bed and Sleep, for I am very weary.

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London, Printed for the Author, *John Tutchin.* 1706.